

Evening Public Ledger

PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY
CHARLES H. KURTIS, President
Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia

Member of the Associated Press
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Andrew Carnegie
CARNEGIE was one sort of man when he was making his money, engineering mergers and maintaining at Homestead a theory of industrial operation which, from the viewpoint of labor, was pitiless and destructive and, in the end, unscientific.

UP THE WRONG TREE
IF THE radical element in the unions and the Bolsheviks de luxe of journalism wanted proof of the general American distaste for class laws of any sort they have had plenty of it in the last week.

UNASHAMED PROFITEERS
ON THE same day that the President was telling Congress that the price of wheat could be kept down by restricting exportations a delegation of representatives from farmers' organizations appeared before the Senate committee on agriculture demanding that the guarantee price of \$2.25 a bushel for wheat be removed.

destroy any politician who seeks to restrict their privileges.
But in these days, when every one is complaining of the cost of food, we are likely to discover what the country thinks of any group of producers which demands \$8 wheat.

A BUBBLING POLITICAL POT IS HEALTHY FOR THE CITY
Split in Organization Over Mayorality Prerogatives Benefits From Vigorous Rivalries and "Opposition" Challenges

THE cocksureness of self-appointed political forecasters concerning the outcome of the mayorality contest has a deliciously hollow sound. It falls like an unintentional benediction upon the ears of such Philadelphians as pause to consider what the basic principle of American representative government really is.

It is equally clear that Philadelphia citizens are in for better times, as they assuredly are for livelier ones. The rivalry which has split the once well-oiled political machine is, if it is sincerely maintained, a major antidote against oligarchy.

It is particularly fitting that the animated political shuffle should be evidenced at a time when the government of Philadelphia under the new charter renders so important the constant presence of an alert and watchful opposition to all acts done under that law.

A WORLD MELODIST
RUGGIERO LEONCAVALLO'S monument was wrought in enduring form long before he died. Grand opera is a pretentious art, and judging from its costliness in this country it is still an exotic.

And Butter Already High
Our forebodings have been justified. A decrease in the New Jersey buckwheat crop is now matched by the news that the Louisiana sugar-cane crop will fall more than 100,000 tons below the average for the last ten years.

Try This on Your Piano
'Tis conceded that a bird, the longest lane must turn. But I stake my solemn duty, in a word, that the politician still has lots to learn.

New York actors see strike-breakers ahead.
The North Penn investigation is beginning to show its teeth.

When Uncle Dave "Bah'd" did he have any particular black sheep in mind?
Mosquitoes breed on the slimy pool of politics are particularly active on its banks.

No "Bah-ban" can pull the wool over the eyes of an alert politician.
An anarchist is a guy who put a bomb in a automobile.

Any line the law has on bomb-throwers should have a nose at the end of it.
"Be ye stealthy from the poor leaveth to the devil"—and, to give the devil his due, he repays with interest.

It is the general opinion of gentlemen of the profession now at leisure in New York that strike-breakers are bad actors.
Louisiana sugar-cane crop shy; Argentina prohibits exportation of sugar—tough times ahead for the man with a sweet tooth.

The German war brides brought home by American doughboys prove that Cupid has studied neither geography nor world politics.
The President's effort to solve the food problem is another illustration of the fact that the man who simply does "the best he can" virtually admits failure.

Spite of a few little incidents like being choked with food and run over by a railroad train the peace treaty—with some reservations—is still feeling fit.

McCain's Gossip

How a Place Was Made for Daniel J. Lafean—William J. Barry's Change From Engineering to Hotel Management

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

THE name of ex-Banking Commissioner Daniel J. Lafean in connection with the North Penn Bank smash conjures up a piece of unwritten political-financial history.

When Governor Brumbaugh was trying to build up a personal machine in the state, and was casting about in search of positions for those whom he fancied might aid him, he chose for one ex-Congressman Lafean, of York.

Smith was one of the ablest men that ever held that responsible position. He knew the routine. He had grown up in the office; had been a bank examiner for years. Moreover, he enjoyed the confidence of the banking interests of the state.

He was not a politician like John A. Berkey, his predecessor, or Daniel P. Lafean, who was chosen as his successor. They were political appointments.

Several months before the end of 1916 Smith received a hint that he was due to resign. The commissioner communicated with his friends, among them the leading bankers of Philadelphia. They advised him to hold on and in no event to resign under pressure.

In the interim between the notification that his exit was desired and the day in January when he did resign under pressure, every banking house in Philadelphia operating under state laws, with one exception, wrote letters of protest to Governor Brumbaugh against Smith's removal.

But he persisted in denouncing Mr. Smith's resignation, and in his stead appointed Daniel J. Lafean, of York county. I give Mr. Lafean the benefit of the doubt that he was not aware of this episode which so emphasized the efficiency of William H. Smith.

FEW of the thousands who know William J. Barry, of the Longears, through his long career as hotel manager in this city, are aware that by profession he is a civil engineer. He hasn't worked at the job, though, for years.

He was one of a party of young engineers who helped to survey the western section of the ill-fated South Pennsylvania Railroad. His magnificent ruins in the way of tunnels, fills and cuts still adorn the landscape in Somerset and Westmoreland counties.

Whether the outdoor life was distasteful or the indoor life particularly attractive, Billy Barry dropped engineering and took up hotel management. His chief headquarters of the Belgrave covered a long period of years.

J. Frazier Miller, who before his resignation a few months ago was the efficient head of the Bellevue-Stratford, is another hotel director who holds a warm place in the hearts of prominent Philadelphians. He was not originally a hotel man. He was a Kentucky lad who went to New York as private secretary to the owner of one of the great big racing stables of the famous blue grass region. Racing and the breeding of racers was then in his blood.

George C. Miller stopped, took a fancy to the bright young southern chap, made him his secretary and subsequently, step by step, advanced him to a managerial position. Subsequently he placed him in absolute control of the big hotel on Broad street.

He will return in six months' sojourn from southern California, and a cheery welcome will await him.

MAJOR DAVID LEWIS, inspector general of the department, A. E. F., who is back from France and once more in uniform, looking fatter than he has done for years. He confesses that he feels as fine as he looks.

Major Lewis was one of the comparatively few officers appointed from civil life to this department of the army. It was to be expected. After years of training on regular army brigades staffs under General Snowden in the old national guard he did not, as most officers do when they resign from the guard, shelve his acquired knowledge and forget all about it.

In the intervening years he kept abreast of the tactical changes in the military arm of the United States service. I've heard him for half an hour at a clip discussing points of drill and discipline with regular army officers. And he held his own every time.

When the opportunity came that his services were of value to his government, Dave Lewis promptly accepted. I've heard him for half an hour at a clip discussing points of drill and discipline with regular army officers. And he held his own every time.

While inspector of the Sixth Division, regular army, Lewis had ample opportunity to study civil as well as military life in France.

"I never saw a drunken Frenchman," he declared upon his return to this country. "The Frenchman looks at the matter of drinking in a different light from the American. He has been brought up on wine. It is a part of his daily life. Only a few drink brandy."

"The town drunkard in France is a curiosity. His attraction as such as the town erie, who with his drum draws a crowd in the market place. While everybody drinks who they abhor drunkenness. For that reason prohibition will never win in France."

CAPTAIN HILL is dead. He was Lieutenant Commander Hill, U. S. N., of the "Fins" of the United States navy, who is leaving West. France. The new will bring regret to hundreds of Philadelphians who sailed with him in past years.

He was formerly captain of the old American liner liner, sailing between Philadelphia and Liverpool. Subsequently he was put in command of the Finland sailing on the Panama-Pacific route. Eight years or so ago his vessel, which was one of the International Mercantile Marine fleet, was placed in the New York transatlantic service again.

Captain Hill's family has resided in Philadelphia for nearly twenty years. He had spent all his life at sea. Born in England, his apprenticeship was served in a coasting schooner. Then he got his papers as third mate of a sailing ship plying from English ports to the Mediterranean. Thence he grew into the transatlantic trade.

He was a rare character. A courteous German, modest, efficient and with those he liked one of the most companionable of men.

The railroad brotherhoods are anxious to have it understood that when it seemed that the Under-San it merely spoke in a Pickwickian sense.

"COME ON, JUDGE, YOU'RE DELAYIN' THE GAME!"



TRAVELS IN PHILADELPHIA

By Christopher Morley

Putting the City to Bed

IT strolled abroad to observe the town committing itself for slumber. The caustic Mrs. Trollope, who visited Philadelphia in 1830, complained bitterly that there was no carousal or cheer of any kind proceeding in the highways after sunset.

The Weather Man tries to set us a good example by pulling down the front of his little booth at Ninth and Chestnut soon after 10 o'clock, but there are few who take the hint. It was a night almost chilly—67 degrees—a black velvety sky to the northward.

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BREAKING THE NEWS

THE first few months when John was oversea. It seemed a dream that he had gone from me. I hailed the postman every time in sight. For just a little news that all was right.

The next few months while John was "over there." Somehow, I don't know why, I didn't care so much. Because I missed his company. Nor did I grieve lest he'd forgotten me.

The last few months, while John was still in France. I flirted with the boys, yes, every chance. That came my way (and they were not a few). Of gallant beaux I had a retinue.

But this my shame when John came back to stay. Said, "Mary, when shall be our wedding day?" I blushed to answer him who fought for me. "Oh, thank you, John, but I have promised three."

—Florence T. Osman, in N. Y. Herald.

A few Camden people enjoyed old-fashioned breakfast food yesterday. Government ham was sold by the municipality for thirty-one cents a pound on Saturday and the stock was bought in an hour and ten minutes. With ham so cheap ever so many people indulged in the extravagance of eggs.

"Pooh!" says Martin. "Bah!" says Lane. This pooh-bah business suggests political comic opera.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Who was J. Edward Addicks?
2. Who declared that the second marriage of a widower illustrated the triumph of hope over experience?
3. Who established the Mason and Dixon line?
4. On which syllable does the accent fall in the word gondola?
5. What are alewives?
6. Which is the Diamond State?
7. What is the original meaning of all-mony?
8. What is bravura?
9. Who wrote "The Last of the Barons"?
10. When did Karl Marx, the German Socialist philosopher, live?

Answers to Saturday's Quiz

- 1. A sterneration is a sneeze.
2. Hagiology is literature treating of lives and legends of saints.
3. Baltimore is known as the Monumental City.
4. Paracelsus was the name adopted by Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim (1493-1541), Swiss theologian, physician and alchemist.
5. Henry Ward Beecher said "A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it."
6. Voltaire was known as "The Apostle of Infidelity."
7. A jig is a lively dance which gave its name to an movement of the suite, and was so called from being played on the jig or violin. Forms of the jig or giga or jig are found among nearly every people.
8. Albert, king of Belgium, was born April 8, 1875.
9. The area of Portugal is 36,035 square miles.
10. The shepherd's sundial is a name given to the scarlet pimpernel, which opens a little after seven every morning and closes at a little after five. When rain is at hand or the weather is unfavorable it does not open at all.